

# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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# ONCE A WEEK

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1894.

# ALL AMONG OURSELVES



IS not Christmas the most delightful, as well as the holiest, of all Christian festivals?

"MERRY CHRISTMAS" it is indeed, and I wish you Merry Christmas most heartily. May the round years, as they roll along, bring you many returns of the happy holiday-tide which recalls the sacred epoch when our Lord was born.

THE fact that it is a merry festival does not dull our remembrance of its holiness, its mystical and intense significance to our poor humanity—its divine and tender and poetic charms, which touch the hidden springs of mirth. Hail! pleasant Christmas time! season of festivals and family reunions beneath the evergreen; period of rapture for the little folk, who know that gifts will come to them from some mysterious source, and who enjoy believing, even against the evidence of their senses, that the donor is Santa Claus! Hail, hours when the human heart is drawn closer to the infinite by remembrance of the "Heaven-born child," watched over by the Mother blessed above all other women, in the Judean manger and in "the winter wild!"

CHRISTMAS is proof against the corroding tooth of time. Since the days when "golden-mouthed Chrysostom" wrote about it as "a new festival lately introduced from the West," it has gone on conquering and to conquer. From the twelfth century to the dawn of the twentieth is a far cry; but the story of the Star in the East is still as fresh, as vital, as entrancing as ever.

CATHOLIC, Greek, Armenian, Episcopalian and Lutheran all celebrate the nativity. Divested of the grosser forms—copied from the heathen Saturnalia—which dis-



figured it in the earlier centuries, Christmas is now observed with more than the ancient splendor, and all the old-time faith. And so long as man is irresistibly drawn to look up to Heaven for hope and pardon, so long will Christmas endure.

To Pope Telephorus the institution of Christmas is doubtless due; but it took nearly three centuries for the festival to make its way throughout the Christian world of the East. Each country added to its observance some quaint fancy, or curious ceremonial, so that the book of Christmas rules—if ever written—would be larger than the largest of dictionaries. No wonder that the event which has been the favorite theme of the most eloquent of the Saints, the greatest of painters, the most sublime poets and composers, should be celebrated in stately and sumptuous fashion.



In England—whence we get so many of our customs—Christmas was from the first associated with good cheer, and often with wassail. Joy reigned supreme on Christmas Eve; and, after devotions in the great hall of each gentleman's mansion, when the large candles were aglow, and the "Christmas block" was thrown upon the fire, the merry-making was loud and long.

"THE Lord of Misrule" wagged his beard right merrily at Court, and drew after him all the wild gallants and gay beauties longing for a frolic. This Carnival figure of the "Lord of Misrule" was doubtless borrowed from the ancient Saturnalia, during which noble Romans used to wait upon their slaves, and execute their commands; but he was none the less striking and amusing for that. Some of the wildest revels at the English Court were held under his dictatorship—while the Christmas season brought poor and rich alike to the hospitable boards of the great houses, and while the "waits" outside the latticed window sang carols in the snow.

THE reign of the "Lord of Misrule" began on All-Hallowe'en and lasted till Candlemas Day. Many were the practical jokes to which the great of the earth had to submit from their inferiors during that period. In Scotland the "Abbot of Unreason" was the title given to the fantastic and arbitrary personage, and his pranks north of the border were quite equal to those played by his confreres south of it. No madness of Carnival in France or Italy was ever gayer or more impudent than that of these British and Caledonian jokers of the Christmas period.



No doubt the excess of Christmas mummeries provoked the Puritan opposition to the ancient observances. Old Pepys gives us a hint of the realistic manner in which the celebration was conducted at Court in his day—and allows us to see that he was a little scandalized. "Christmas pye" and Christmas joy cost the nation vast sums. The Scotch "Abbot of Unreason" got his quietus by Act of Parliament in 1555, but we hear of the "Lord of Misrule" having "high jinks" in the Inner Temple in London four-score years later. Finally this "grande capitaine of mischief" was done away with in England also; and the British have had nothing amounting to a worthy resemblance of Carnival since that time.

THE resentment of the Puritans against Christmas resulted in a division in language descriptive of everything relating to the festival. Dr. Parr, in his inimitable mince the entry "O Sapientia," remarks say "Christmas 'Mince pie,' he touch of scorn, 'is verily. Even our of New England against the steam-mince pies, with twang of hot cider in them.



CHRISTMAS dainties in England of course comprised the "brawn" made from the flesh of boars which lived half wild, and were fattened while huge canvas strips were strapped tightly around their bodies to make the brawn compact. The bringing in of the boar's head—so celebrated in song and painting—was in the old days accompanied by a procession headed by the "Master of the Revels," and followed by tuneful choristers, who sometimes sang these words:

"Then sett down the swineyard:  
The foe to the vineyard,  
Lett Bacchus crown his fall;  
Lett this boar's head and mustard  
Stand for pigg, goose and eynard,  
And so you are welcome all."

And therewith everybody fell to and ate as if the deluge were to come next day. For I tell you they had lusty appetites in those days!

GOOSE are all the queer and quaint mystery-plays which delighted the



men and women and even the children of the Middle Ages. They will come no more with their personages in grotesque masks and cloaks, their staves with "practicable" heavens and hells, with grinning devils and blackamoors, and their doggerel rhymes full of wit and wisdom. Yet I could wish for their restoration.

VANISHED, too, are many of the ancient pastimes—or so transmogrified have they become in the flight of time that they are hardly recognizable. The dipping for nuts and apples, the "fool plow," the hot cockles and blind man's buff, are still with us, and nothing can uproot them.

A PLEASANT chapter might be written on Christmas decorations and their origin. The gypsies say that the ivy and the holly and pine tree never whispered where the Son of Man lay concealed when his persecutors sought him; and so they were allowed to remain green all through the year. But the ash, like the oak, told of Him when he lay hidden, and so their boughs are leafless



throughout the winter. Thus the green ivy and the holly, with the sacred mistletoe added, are the consecrated decorations for Christmas-tide.

OUR American people do not feast so much as other nations at Christmas. Perhaps some faint remembrance of the surfeit of Thanksgiving turkey prevents it. We do not kill the fat goose as in England; we do not chase the cook around the yard if the "boiled sausage" is not promptly ready; nor do we hold "reveillon" like the French, ushering in the dawn of Christmas Day with a toast drunk at the conclusion of a supper which began at midnight to last until sunrise. But "Christmas pye" and "Babie Cake" still have a hold upon us in our libraries if not in our kitchens. Our English cousins feed well when the holidays come at the end of the year; hence the Italian proverb: "Busier than English ovens at Christmas."

THE three masses which usher in Christmas Day—the first at midnight, the second at early dawn, and the third in the full morning—date from the sixth century. In the French and Italian churches the decorations at these masses comprise all kinds of representations of the scene in the manger, fitly illustrating these lines:

"This day to you is borne aue child  
Of Marie mecke and virgine mylde,  
That blessit barne, benign and kynde  
Sall you rejoice both heart and mynde.  
My soull and lyfe, stand up and see  
Quhat lies in aue cribe of trewe;  
Quhat babe is that so grand and fayre?  
It is Christ, God's soune and aue."



I WONDER why the Christmas carol has not been kept up better in modern times. In the old days everybody caroled; and in England, on the eves of the holidays, after the wax tapers were aglow, the whole land resounded with song. And what could be more beautiful than the Welsh and French carols, in which the human heart overflows with love and gratitude for Him who came to save?

OUR Santa Claus, which we got from our Dutch predecessors in New York, is an adaptation of the "Knecht Ruprecht" of Germany and Northern Europe generally. "Knecht Ruprecht" is a grave old man with tremendous white beard, who calls at the houses in German villages on Christmas Day, and, asking for each child by name, gives to it an armful of presents; then departs as mysteriously as he came.

In Santa Claus, with his team of reindeer and his sleigh which skims the snow-covered roof, there is a hint of the remote North. But I must not let the children into the secret of the good little man's origin.

In Belgium the children go about at Christmas-time carrying paper stars with a lighted candle in the centre, in commemoration of the star of Bethlehem. There is a fine philosophy underlying this—an indication that the mystical star is as a lamp to the feet of the poor world's toiling and struggling populations, anxiously pressing forward, led by Faith toward the unknown.

THE star of Christmas Eve will shine on through the darkness of this lower sphere so long as civilization lasts.

UNDER the Dutch in New York City, Santa Claus, or Christ-Kindle Day, was one of the great notable festivals



of the year. A general exchange of merry greetings was obligatory; and after it the young men repaired to the commons, or to "Beekman's Swamp," to shoot at turkeys set up as targets. Each man paid for his shot, and whoever hit a bird bore it off as a prize. Then came a family dinner, after which children and old people joined in a merry dance.



SANTA CLAUS was the figure-head of the first immigrant ship which ever touched the shores of New York, and he gave his name to the first church erected within her walls. Before the Dutch children went to bed on Christmas Eve they hung up their stockings and sang a little hymn to the beneficent Saint, ending thus:

"Sint Nicholas, myn goden Vriend,  
Ik heb u altyd wel gediend:  
Als gy my nu wat wilt geven,  
Fal ik u dienen als myn leven."

LET every one do the best possible to make this Christmas a bountiful and beneficent one. There are abundant reasons for gratitude in this holiday season; and the return of prosperity should be welcomed with proper manifestations of joy.

CONGRESS is busy with routine matters, and not until after the holiday season is well over will debate begin on burning questions. The tariff reform brigade has been advised to take a back seat. Unless some sections of the President's message awaken controversy, there will be but little oratory of consequence beneath the Capitoline dome at present.

THE President urges the repeal of the differential duty on sugar, recommending it "in the interests of the commerce of both countries and to avoid even the accusation of treaty violation."

THE message has absolutely nothing to say about tariff reform and the income tax, but it deals very extensively with foreign affairs and makes some sensible recommendations on financial matters. The President declares that he will use every effort to sustain the credit of the Government and to prevent its finances from being reduced to a silver basis.



THE Congressmen of both parties seem to have been in a happy mood on reassembling. Their faces were wreathed with smiles and their desks with flowers. Everybody shook hands all around, and controversy was carefully avoided for the first day or two.

BUT the introduction of bills for repealing the income tax and other bones of contention indicates a sharp struggle ahead.

MODEST little Japan has now advanced her terms for making peace to four hundred million dollars. She wanted only one hundred and eighty-five million dollars a fortnight ago. Unless China hastens to make peace, she may have to pay a billion.

LI HUNG CHANG is reputed to be worth five hundred million dollars. Perhaps the Chinese Emperor will make him pay the total war indemnity.

VERY pathetic is the grief of poor old Bismarck for the wife of his youth, who was so suddenly taken from him. "I shall soon overtake her," he said to his son; and he was prostrated by his sorrow for a long time. But the world of politics—for which he professes to have lost his interest—is again claiming his attention.



THE young Kaiser urged him to be present at the dedication of the new Palace of the Reichstag in Berlin, knowing that the imposing ceremonies would lose much of their historical significance if the builder of the German Empire were not present on such an occasion. In many other ways Emperor Wilhelm has latterly shown a strong desire for reconciliation with the mighty Chancellor. No wonder. For he needs him particularly just now.

GRANDMOTHER VICTORIA is trying to patch up matters for Wilhelm, but there is no disguising the fact that he is left, by Rosebery's new and apparently successful move, in an isolated and ticklish position. The unforeseen, which, the French sage assures us, always happens in politics, has played havoc with Wilhelm's plans; and he has other things to do, if he wishes to avoid disaster, than to think of reconstructing the Holy Roman Empire, with himself at its head—a project with the elaboration of which he has been busy for some time.

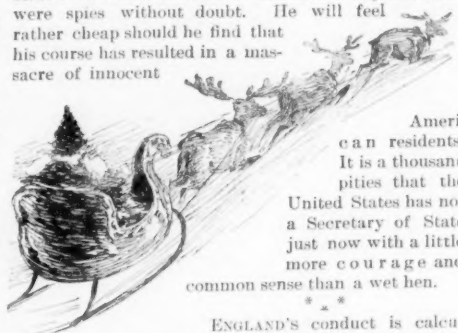
It is said on good authority that the new developments of the British policy with regard to Russia and the East so wrought up the German Emperor that he had one of his severe attacks of earache, during which he is not always responsible for what he says and does. It has required all the assurances of friendly envoys from the English Court to convince him that England's recent action is not distinctly hostile to him.

FOR that matter, an England with Rosebery at its head would have but little in common with the Imperial party in Germany. Rosebery is conscientiously trying to overturn the very institutions which the Kaiser considers worth preserving. A democratic England would have no patience with the whims of a German Emperor who thinks himself crowned 'by right divine.'

CHINESE affairs have latterly attracted much attention in this country. The taking of Port Arthur by the Japanese is described as a brilliant operation and a superb spectacle. The Chinese retreat was disgraceful. At this time the Empire of the Celestials is close upon anarchy, and the capital is filled with thieves, of whom the foreign residents are beginning to be somewhat afraid. It is reported that our legation at Peking has asked for protection, and it would be well to hasten some of our ships to the nearest practicable point. A few hundred stout sailors and marines could scare the Chinese ruffians worse than the Japanese have frightened them. Meantime it is to be remarked that we have but five ships in Chinese waters, while England has twenty, and other powers are correspondingly well supplied.

THE yielding up to the Chinese authorities by our Consul at Shanghai of two Japanese said to be spies resulted in the barbarous murder of the men, after incredible torture and shameful mutilation, and has been the subject of much criticism. Mr. John Russell Young, late United States Minister to China, warned the Government that if the Japanese were given up they would be tortured. Such a concession would naturally seem, also, a confession of weakness on our part which might prove a source of danger, in the disturbed state of the country, to American residents. Secretary Gresham clearly acted carelessly, not to say ignorantly, and without foresight in the matter.

SUCH is the opinion of Mr. Julian Ralph, the well-known correspondent who has just returned from China, and who confirms the story that the two Japanese were tortured shamefully before they were killed. Japan is showing a proper spirit in declining to settle any peace negotiations until ample atonement for this barbaric outrage has been made. Secretary Gresham's only defense is that the Consul could not hold the Japanese, who were spies without doubt. He will feel rather cheap should he find that his course has resulted in a massacre of innocent



American residents. It is a thousand pities that the United States has not a Secretary of State just now with a little more courage and common sense than a wet hen.

ENGLAND'S conduct is calculated to impress China with a sense of her power, and thus she will prevent outrages on her interests. Her Chinese squadron is making a grand demonstration, and threatening to seize an island. John Bull knows that the Chinese respect nothing but force; and not even that, if they think that they can get around it by ruse.

It must have been a proud moment for the Japanese Admiral Ito when he conducted a hundred British naval officers through the works at Port Arthur the other day, and showed him how the children of Nippon had won the victory. Japan now takes her place among the first-class powers.

It is said that if the present dynasty is overthrown, the house of Li Hung Chang may succeed to the throne, in which case Li will probably get his yellow ulster back again.

THE Bluefields incident was not of long duration. England took care not to insist, when she discovered that Uncle Sam was resolved at all hazards to maintain the Monroe Doctrine—under no circumstances allowing his supremacy in matters affecting this continent to be questioned. We want no joint control of a territory through which the Nicaragua Canal is to pass.



THE Turks continue their policy of falsehood concerning Armenia. England has informed Turkey that she must act vigorously in punishing the murderers who slew so many innocent villagers. It is believed that Russia will occupy Armenia shortly, and that England has agreed to this and to some other important moves on Russia's part in the East, as compensation for her own "squatter sovereignty" in Egypt.

LORD ROSEBERY is in high feather over his coup of the Anglo-Russian agreement. If the arrangement holds, it marks the young statesman as one of the ablest politicians in Europe.

THE mission of John Burns to America is to strengthen the fellowship between organized labor in Great Britain and the Unions of this country. No man is better fitted for the task; no one better understands the difficulties which labor unions have to encounter, or the best means of reconciling Capital's interests to their own. At the Congress of the American Federation of Labor in Denver he has made a good impression. John Burns believes in the nationalization of the land in England, and will be an important figure in the Parliaments which will have to deal with that question.



AN international postage stamp? Why not? It is suggested by the request of France to be allowed to send letters with answer prepaid.

KOLB was as meek as a lamb, after all. He was wiser than Coxey. He kept off the Capitol grass, Alabama's Governor having threatened to put him in jail if he did not.

A WHOLE section of the water front of the bustling city of Tacoma recently dropped into Puget Sound. It was "made land," and the rubbish used to resist the action of the tides was of insufficient strength. It must be a disagreeable surprise to see half a mile of docks and warehouses suddenly disappear in the water. But the Tacomans are brave, and quick to repair damage.

A LITTLE rat played havoc in the Baltimore Electric Light Works the other night. He got in behind the big switchboard, and started toward the machinery in front. In an instant there was a flash, a heavy ironstone piece of insulation was smashed, the network of wires blazed up, setting fire to the wood frames of the switchboard, and plunging hundreds of houses into darkness. Then the rat got about twenty-seven hundred volts of electricity through his body, and his erratic career was over.

LORD ABERDEEN is a good speaker, and he fairly rivaled Chauncey M. Depew in the number of funny stories which he told the other evening at the dinner of the St. Andrew's Society in this city.

AN increase of the Federal Army to thirty thousand men need alarm no one. Yet why increase it at all?

MAYOR SCHIEREN, of Brooklyn, is a friend of consolidation, and is disposed to do everything in his power to favor it.

THE Prince of Wales is said to have contributed largely, during his recent visit to Russia, to the evolution of an Emperor from the shrinking and trembling Czarewitch, who was so startled by a sense of his responsibilities that he almost hesitated to accept them. The Prince's counsel and encouragement helped the young man wonderfully, and it is remarked that the Prince did more for England in his three weeks' tour than mere diplomacy could have done in a generation.

THE sudden death of Mr. J. Hood Wright, of the firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co., removes from financial circles a gentleman who was universally esteemed for his talents and virtues, and whose place it would be difficult to fill.

THE Chinese talk of assembling an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men to cut off the Japanese. But armies whose soldiers carry fans and umbrellas are not very dangerous.

A FAINT speck of war cloud has appeared on the horizon of Europe since Germany began to quarrel with France for making unfounded charges against members of the German Embassy in Paris. The French claim that Germany has covered France with a network of spies.

In the *Century Magazine* for this month Mr. W. J. Stillman, the veteran correspondent of the *London Times*, expresses the opinion that Crispi, if not the last Prime Minister of the House of Savoy, is the next to the last one. Does he believe that an Italian Revolution is imminent?



W. A. BOUGUEREAU



ADORATION OF THE KINGS

C. G. PFANNSCMIDT



ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

BOUGUEREAU



THE NATIVITY

H. LE ROLLE



S. (ADON OF THE CROSS)

P. R. MORRIS



THE HOLY FAMILY

L. KNAUS

## THE NATIVITY AS PICTURED





THE NATIVITY

H.J. SICHEL



HOLY NIGHT

CORREGGIO



MADONNA AND CHILD

C. VON BODENHAUSEN



CHRISTMAS BELLS

E.H. BLASFELD



VIRGIN AND CHILD

F.M. CROMPTON



VIRGIN AND ANGELS

W.A. SOUDEREAU

BY SOME OF THE GREAT MASTERS.

### "A TRIBUTE TO YALE."

Because I am a Cambridge maid,  
And wear a Harvard pin,  
At football games I am afraid—  
For Yale is sure to win.  
I never fail to be in time  
To get a lovely view;  
Alas! Yale hustles through the line,  
And turns the crimson blue.  
Upon the Thames in sunny June  
Fair Harvard tries once more;  
But "Rah for Yale!"—the same old tune  
Rings out as oft before.  
So when I meet New Haven men  
Who'll put up gloves on Yale,  
Unless they'll take me one to ten  
To make a bet they fail.  
Then here's to Harvard College;  
Its boys should take a brace;  
For although 'way up in knowledge,  
They're not in it when they race.

—AGNES ROSS GIBBS.



As the holidays draw near there is a great demand for novelties, especially for those that can be made at home. Some useful and dainty gifts, which can be easily made by the average bright American girl, are here described.

**A ROSE PENDANT WORK CASE.**—A little work case with swinging blossoms consists of an emery, a needlebook, pincushion, a tiny bag to hold the thimble, and a small sharp pair of embroidery scissors, each of which is suspended from a large bow of pale-green satin, by narrower ribbon of the same tint. The needlebook is made of white linen; draw the design on the linen, according to the diagram, Fig. 1. Work the petals of the rose in deep pink, long and short stitch; the centre is worked in pale-green and the stamens in yellow; the petals on the back are also worked in deep pink, long and short, the calyx in solid green. Cutting a piece of cardboard from the same diagram, cover with the embroidered linen, lining the other side with plain linen and overhanging the two together neatly at the edge. Now fold the cover thus made at A, and fit two pieces of flannel between.

The pincushion is also of linen mounted over two pieces of cardboard, cut according to Fig. 3, to represent a half-blown rose, the petals being worked in long and short stitch, the calyx in solid green; back and front are alike, the pins being inserted along the edge.

For the thimble case, a simple little bag of pale-green silk shirred at the top, with the ribbon by which it is suspended run through the shirring, the base being a circle of cardboard an inch and a quarter in diameter covered with silk. The bag, which is the emery, is a



FIG. 3

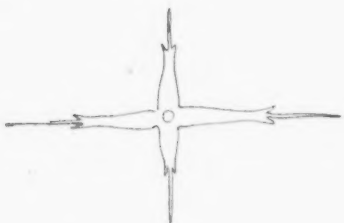
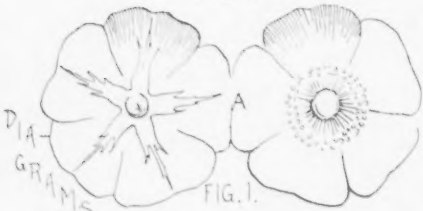


FIG. 2



FOR PENDANT WORK-CASE

conical-shaped bag of pink silk filled with fine emery powder; over this is placed the calyx, cut from green felt, according to Fig. 2; a few fine stitches being required to hold it in place; the ribbon is then fastened to the top of this and a "bead" (the seed pod), made of beeswax and painted green, is threaded on the ribbon

### GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

The Burlington Route is the only railway running "Personally Conducted" Excursions via Denver to Colorado Springs, Salt Lake, Ogden, Sacramento, San Francisco, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, and Los Angeles at the lowest rates and without change of cars.

Leave Chicago every Wednesday. Write or call on T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark Street, Chicago.

till it lies snugly against the felt of the calyx. On the back of the large bow should be firmly sewed a good-sized safety-pin to fasten the bow to the waist of the wearer. This may also be carried out in other colors and other flowers.

**JAPANESE BALLET DANCER SHAVING-PAPER CASE.**—An ordinary Japanese doll about ten inches high is used for this novel little dancer. Having disrobed the victim of its native gown, proceed to array it in crape tissue-paper; the one in question was dressed in light blue, the ribbon used being black. The trousers, which reach just to the end of the unsightly brown muslin and the beginning of the pink knee, are cut from an oblong piece of tissue-paper, sewed up the centre and shirred at the bottom of each leg to form a ruffle. A waist is cut from a straight piece with two holes cut for the arms, into which is sewed a plain straight sleeve shirred



at the end to form a ruffle; this is creased around the centre to make the wheel-like effect shown in the illustration. The waist is then shirred around the neck about half an inch from the top to form a ruffled collar. For the skirt, cut twenty circles about four and a half inches in diameter and notch their edges; fold in half, and then again in quarters, without creasing them. Thread these through the pointed end on a strong piece of linen cord, and tying the cord tightly round the waist of the doll, push the frills until they stand out evenly all around. A ribbon is then passed round the waist, crossed in front, then in the back, and is tied in a bow in the centre; a loop of the ribbon is then sewed to the cross-piece by which to hang it up.

**BIRCH BARK WASTE-BASKET.**—Many people carry home from their summer outing pieces of birch bark, which they have stripped from the glistening trees during long walks in the country. Here is a pretty way to utilize it. A good sized piece is needed for this waste-basket—although smaller ones are pretty to hold grasses—one that has been stripped unbroken from the tree. Make a cylindrical foundation of very heavy cardboard just the size of the bark; line it with a pretty colored sateen. Cover the outside with the bark. Cut a circle of the cardboard to fit the base of the basket; cover one side with sateen wadded with cotton, the other with birch bark; and placing the sateen lining inside, overhand it with strong linen thread to the part of the basket already made; the ribbon which ornaments the top is slipped between the lining and the birch bark, and sewed in place with silk of the same color. It is then left to hang over the edge—one long, one short, alternately; the end of each ribbon is folded to a point and is tipped with a tiny silvered bell. A russet red or any color suggestive of autumn leaves, or else a pale green or light blue, harmonizes well with the silver gray of the birch.

**A HOLDER FOR SAFETY-PINS.**—This is a useful little gift, and is very easily made. A small bisque doll is used, one with jointed arms and legs. First make a simple little bodice of satin ribbon shirred around the neck; then take two pieces of flannel, six inches long and two wide, and pink them around the edges; shirr them at one end and sew securely around the waist of the doll; then let it fall below the feet like a little skirt. Over this is fastened another skirt of satin ribbon fringed deeply at the ends; this should be of the same color as the waist. Baby ribbon is then passed round the waist, crossed over the shoulders and tied with a loop in the back. Safety-pins of all sizes, from tiny ones to those two inches long, are pinned at equal intervals to the flannel skirt, commencing with the large ones at the top and ending at the bottom with the smallest; a dozen may be pinned to each leaf of flannel. This is a pretty little addition to a baby's basket.

**A PEN-WIPER AND BLOTTER-PAD.**—At a Japanese store—that home of pretty things within the reach of the most slender purses—can be purchased, for the sum of ten cents, a life-like little head with a fringe of wiry black hair protruding from under a paper disk; in the centre of this is a hole, through which a duster is intended to be slipped, but a very fantastic pen-wiper and blotter combined may be readily made instead. Cut two circular pieces of chamois of two contrasting colors (every desirable shade can now be obtained in this leather; the model was made of yellow and royal purple); and, having pinked the edges, gather in a bunch from



the centre and fasten with a bit of wire to a burnt match. Slip the match through the opening in the top of the head until it rests cross-wise inside, thus fixing the pen-wiper firmly in place. Now cut six squares of blotting-paper of the same color as the chamois and lay them, alternately, one on top of another; then cut a circle of chamois, an inch and a half in diameter, and lay in the centre of the topmost piece of blotting-paper. Take the head, make a hole in each side of the neck, and threading a large needle with baby ribbon, pass it from the chamois on top through the last sheet of blotting-paper and then back again, this time passing through the hole in the side of the neck; now take the two ends of the ribbon, and tie first in a firm knot and then in a dainty little bow; having made a similar bow on the other side, the novel little gift is finished. The ribbon used must of course be of the same color as the chamois.

**A CHAFING-DISH RECIPE BOOK.**—Very useful for a friend who owns a chafing-dish are the little recipe books filled with directions for savory dishes that can be easily made in that ever-ready little cooking utensil. The covers are made of heavy brown linen with a suitable design drawn with brown etching ink or worked in brown linen thread on the front cover. Inside are a



dozen leaves of strong linen paper, on which are written in brown ink recipes for Welch rarebit, creamed oysters, omelets, and every imaginable concoction that can be made in a chafing-dish. There are so many now to be found in every morning paper—some of them the work of the best cooks in New York—that it is a very easy matter to gather enough to fill the book; a few pages should be left blank for the recipient to write new or favorite recipes. The writing should, of course, be very clear and distinct.

Among other novelties now shown are roomy bags for shopping. These are made of chamois skin of every color; black, however, are the newest, and seem to be most in favor; they are lined throughout with silk of a contrasting color. Heavy silk cord is run through its bag some distance from the top, to show the lining, and a slender cord of the same color finishes the edges.

And now one word about the manner of sending a Christmas gift. A dainty wrapping will give a holiday air to the little remembrance that will add greatly to its value. The prettiest way to dress a Christmas gift, and the one that savors most of sleighbells and freshly fallen snow, is to wrap the parcel in glistening white French tissue-paper and tie with silver cord or scarlet ribbon, slipping a bit of crisp holly or mistletoe through the knot and then fastening in a bow. Natural flowers are also used; for example, a dainty box containing a gift for a tiny child is wrapped in snowy paper and tied with white satin ribbon of the narrowest width, through which is thrust a bunch of tiny rose buds, their ends just turning pink. In using flowers, their color should always follow the color scheme of the gift, as far as possible.

E. ESPERANZA GABAY.

When to the races you repair,  
Be not surprised a bit,  
If the horse you put your money on  
Should run away with it.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

As old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



## THE MAID OF BETHLEHEM

### A CHRISTMAS LEGEND

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

It was a maid of Bethlehem—  
As fair as spring was she  
When first lifts up its crimson cup  
The rather anemone.

It was a man of Bethlehem—  
As dark of heart was he  
As is night's Stygian shadow cast  
Upon the lone Dead Sea.

He saw her where she set her foot  
He followed her like Fate;  
And when she sealed his lips with scorn  
He held a tryst with Hate.

And then as venom through the veins  
Through Bethlehem there ran  
A whispered malice in the air  
That spread from man to man.

"And shall this living lie endure?"  
In rising rage they said:  
The purging fire shall work a cure  
Upon her sinful head!"

It was the maid of Bethlehem  
In all her stainless grace  
They seized before the House of God  
Within the market-place.

It was the man of Bethlehem  
Who led the throng elate  
That bore her out with mocking shout  
Beyond the city gate.

Around her heaped they fagots high,  
And touched the pile with flame;  
"Behold," they cried, "the wanton witch!  
She expiates her shame."

"O sinless One of Calvary,"  
Then did they hear her say,  
"Prove Thou my blameless innocence  
On this, Thy natal day!"

Lo! as she spake each fiery tongue  
Leaped on her foe of foes;  
The while from charred and smoking boughs  
Sprang rose on crimson rose.

It was the man of Bethlehem  
Who died in agony;  
It was the maid of Bethlehem  
Who went unharmed and free.

## CHRISTMAS

BY JOEL BENTON

Now comes Christmas, fair and old,  
Dear to youth and loved by all;  
When the year's twelve days are told  
And joy pervades the house and hall.

Hearken to the boreal blast  
Down the chimney's ancient flue,  
Tales of Christmas long past  
On this morn its pipes renew.




Bring to-day the boar's head in,  
Start the Yule-log's cheery flame;  
Let the Christmas joy begin  
With many a boisterous sport and game.

Now the waits around the door  
Ring their merry music out,  
Praising Him whom we adore,  
While gifts are scattered all about.

Crisp may be the winter air,  
Deep the smothered paths with snow,  
Yet blithest spirits everywhere  
No complaints or sorrow know.

From the far-off Syrian plain  
And the centuries gone before  
We date the one transcendent reign  
Immutable for evermore.

Happy Christmas, washed with green,  
Decked with holly-buds and yew,  
Joy shall dawn thy court and sheen,  
And all the world thy feasts renew.

## TOMMY'S RUSE

BY JEREMY CLAY

With troubled brow young Tommy gazed  
Upon his stocking's brief dimensions  
For thoughts of what it would not hold  
Had filled his mind with apprehensions.

Last year, when he had hung it up,  
His dad, with humor half malicious,  
Had written: "This will only hold  
Your father's very warmest wishes!"

A bright idea crossed Tommy's brain.  
"By George!" he said, "I know the racket!  
Last night the old man's leg was pulled  
By mother for a sealskin jacket.  
I'll bet he won't be half so smart  
When round the Christmas eve comes clocking!  
I'll hang the sock he wore last night!  
It's longer now than any stocking!"

## HIS SISTER'S STOCKING

St. NICHOLAS came stealing down  
A chimney very long and murky,  
To where young Clarence, deep in dreams,  
Foretasted next day's pie and turkey.  
And there he found a stocking hung,  
That surely never had invested  
Aught save some goddess' perfect limb,  
So fair the form its own attested.

Its dainty lines quite baffle mine—  
A perfect profile really fetching!  
A silhouette of symmetry,  
Excelling old Meissonnier's etching.  
To gartered limbs ne'er were fanned  
Such witching proofs of past possession,  
From where the dainty instep proud  
Had left its faultless, arched impression.

Entranced into oblivion  
Of flying minutes and his mission,  
St. Nicholas enraptured gazed  
On this divine material vision.  
"Twere vain," he said, "to stock what she  
Will fill much better in the morning;  
And so he wrote in merry mood  
For Clarence's eyes this line of warning:

"When little boys in greediness  
Their sisters' stockings are inclined  
To steal, and think their own too small,  
They would do well to bear in mind  
That old St. Nick, with growing years,  
Grows gallant to his old heart's centre,  
And never will he dare rush in  
Where only angels ever enter!"

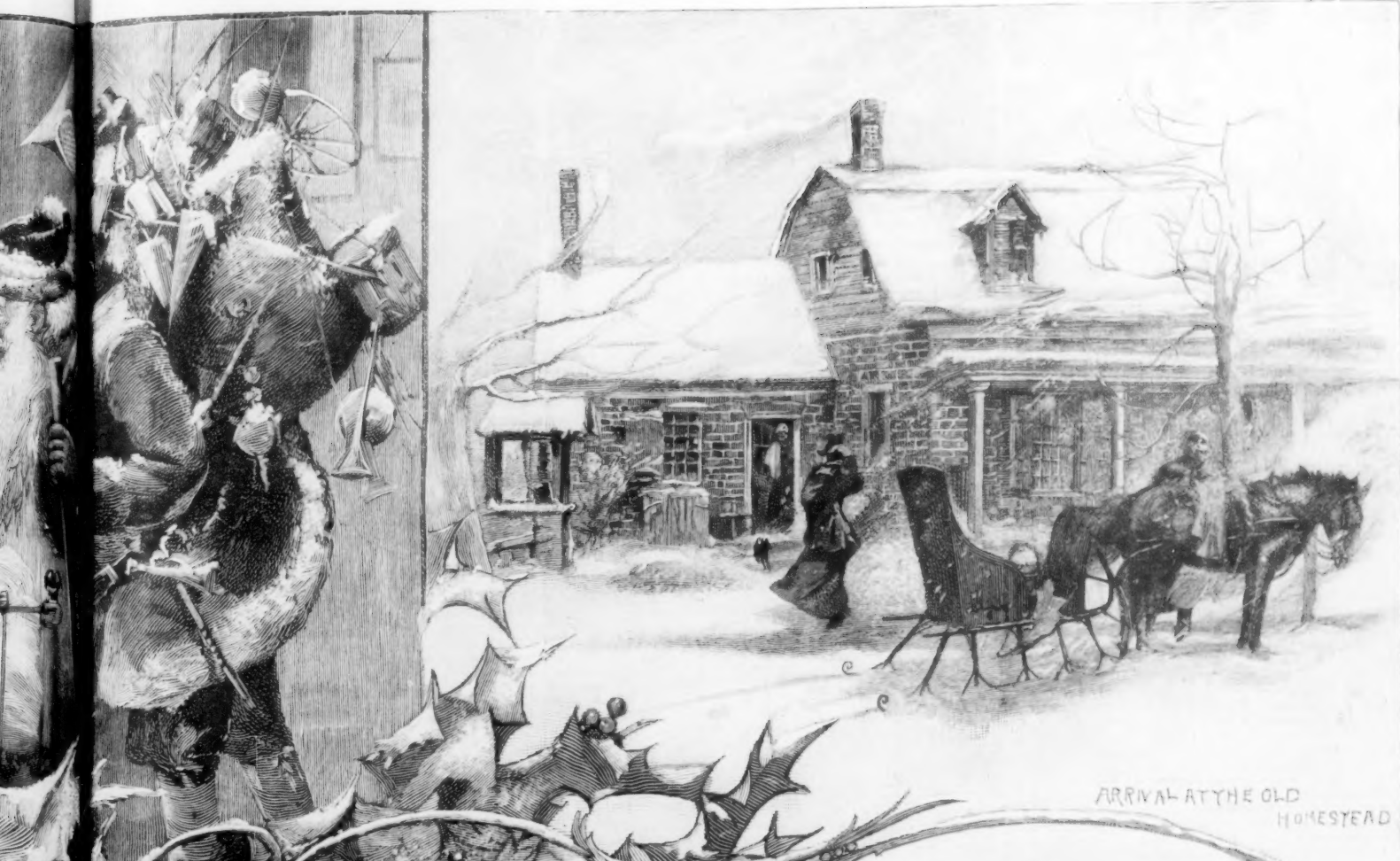






CHRISTMAS PAST  
ITS ORIGIN AND THE MANNER





ARRIVAL AT THE OLD  
HOMESTEAD



THE CHRISTMAS  
DINNER

PAST AND PRESENT.  
MANNER OF CELEBRATING IT TO-DAY.



He stood within the door of a lighted toy shop, looking out on the snow and the hurrying crowds crossing the public square, in the midst of which stood the unpicturesque heap of brick and mortar known as the town Court-House. A squad of newsboys and gamins had just disappeared in the direction of the new hotel at the other end of the block. Their arms were full of "fireworks" and their hearts full of the "good-will," not of the season, but of boyhood. They went out shouting to the silent man behind the glass door. He remembered that they had shouted; he did not know that they had wished him a "merry Christmas," and a "long life," and a "bully New Year," although the good wishes had not been lacking the emphasis boyhood alone understands the art of giving. Yet, he had smiled in response to their greeting; and he had a vague idea of being glad the little vagabonds were happy at Christmas anyhow. He had paid a visit earlier in the evening to that part of the town where the church people were holding a Christmas service.

The church was not new, as was most of the town; it had come in ahead of the boom that had turned the place upside down, so to speak, and had built manufactories, put in water works, a foundry for pig-iron, coke ovens on the outskirts, and had built the big stone club-house, the new Metropolitan Hotel, and last but by no reasoning least, the railroad, with a branch line running out to the coal mines.

Then it laid off the town anew, wound it up and set it going, like a clock on an eight days' run. Only in this case the go was genuine; the Southern nature had something more than gas in its boom; the coal banks proved both abundant and rich; the iron industry settled itself down to a steady, safe go, that would neither throw its backers nor burst from its own over-inflation. The experiment was a success; the tide turned its way; new railroads came, new industries. And he, the tall young cynic watching the Christmas brightness from the glass door of a toy shop, had caught the tide and sailed in to success, too. It had come too late, he declared—too late. Like the little old church buried under a burden of snow and memories, he had got in ahead of the boom.

There were those who would have liked to remove all of these; but they were mostly the Christian folk who wanted a handsomer church on the old site; and the Court Square, where the countrymen still hitched their teams on Saturdays and court days, the church folk wanted for a woman's exchange building. There was an empty corner around on Eighth Street where the Court-House would be out of the way. As for the young cynic—well, there were others than the church folk who would have a word to say when it came to asking Paul Wardlaw to "move on." Some such thought was in his mind as he looked over toward the club-house. Nobody had opposed the club-house; but then it represented more than a million dollars of the new town's capital, so the good people said nothing about asking it to "move on."

"But me—oh, they'd like to put me out," mused Wardlaw. "I am a 'spot upon their feast.' She would like me to go, too. I think I am a kind of 'meme, meme tekel' on the walls of her content. I stopped under the eaves of the old church an hour ago, to hear them sing—sing of peace and good-will. Another beggar, one without money, stood before the door, looking in whenever it opened to admit some fur-wrapped worshiper. I saw an usher come to the door and drive him off with a threat of the calaboose unless he moved on. The calaboose, on Christmas night, and while the church people sang of peace and good-will!"

His lips curled; he had forgotten that he had slipped a dollar into the beggar's hand with the injunction to "go home out of the cold." Out of the cold; that was his advice always; he knew what it was to be "left out in the cold."

He had only tarried a moment longer under the low-drooping eaves; until some one put up one of the old-fashioned stained windows, when the perfume and flowers became a burden. Through it he had caught a glimpse of a coil of bright hair heaped upon a girlish head that was bowed in prayer.

He went away then, first for a walk, and later the gamin had enticed him into the toy shop. But the bright head had stirred him up, all his old half-buried bitterness awakened. The hymn they sang was in his ears, the girlish head before his eyes, torturing him. She was in the same old pew—his father's pew was the next one in those days. A wealthy stock broker had it now. But she still sat in the corner where she sat then watching him with her sweet violet eyes, while her little hands were clasped with saint-like devotion upon a tiny velvet prayer-book. She was still praying; the bright head scarcely reached the top of the pew rail those days. He remembered the first morning that he noticed she could see over it, into his pew; he had given her a bunch of white hyacinths that morning, and she had said, over the pew, in a church whisper:

"Thank you, Paul; it is my birthday."

After that he had made a habit of sending her a tray of the white hyacinths on that day every year. And always she had thanked him in that sweet way, calling him Paul. Always? No, there came a birthday morning that burned in his memory like hot steel in tender flesh. That was after his father's disgrace; and when they met—

"God! and she calls herself a Christian; nobler yet, a woman! I know what a woman is—my mother was one. Oh, Alice! Alice! sweet Alice Ben Bolt!" He

smiled as the old pet name slipped his tongue; the defiant look left his face. "It's all right, Ben Bolt," he whispered; "we'll meet again sometime, somewhere—meet upon the level, mayhap; at all events we'll part upon the square."

He opened the door and stepped out. Suddenly a great burst of flame sprang upward, illuminating the square, and the streets far down toward the river and the mountain. There was a noise of mammoth torpedoes; the pop, pop of small ones, with the crack of a rifle now and then, fired into the air, and the deep-toned accompaniment of an old cannon that had been dragged down from a room in the rear of the fire company's headquarters, which the town military called "the armory." Roman candles and rockets traced long paths of green and gold across the darkness, lighting the heavens above and the snow beneath.

"The boys have built their bonfire," said Wardlaw, standing a moment to watch the lurid splendor ascending and descending upon the ladder of night. "My! but they have made a blaze, they are burning the debris left from the new bank building. Well, they will do the town a favor in the way of cleaning up anyhow. But they are too near the hotel, too near." He turned his face in the opposite direction, and quickened his step. His breath came quick and deep, and his lips were hard set. "She is there, she is there, and they dare to fire their infernal torpedoes so near! But they—" his eyes softened; the tenseness left his face—"they don't know, poor boys! poor boys! Let them have their fun for one night in the year."

He was not conscious that he had been speaking aloud until something dark rose in his path. He tried to dodge it, having a ridiculous sense of being detected in the silly act of talking to himself. Suddenly he stopped, the dark presence had stopped also, straight, tall and slender, gaunt, even, in the weird, half-light from the bonfire on the other side of the square, it seemed to tower above him. A woman, half clad and old; one stiff bony hand, the arm bare to the elbow, holding a ragged bit of shawl that met upon the poor sunken chest. She stopped before him, and looked at him.



"SEE FOR YOURSELF," SHE CRIED, "I AM STARVING." In the gay glare of the rockets he could see her face, haggard and hard and pleading, speaking for the lips that had plead all day vainly.

"See for yourself," said the face and the gaunt, bare arm. "See for yourself that I am starving."

He muttered a low, inarticulate oath.

"God!" said he. "And they talk of peace on earth."

He thrust his hand into his trousers pocket and drew from it all the change it contained. "Here," he said, thrusting the money into the hard, cold hand holding the ragged shawl together, and which only shook and refused to open. "Go buy yourself some food and fire."

Still she did not move, only looked at him in a stony, dazed way and burst into tears. In the glow from a yellow rocket that shot across the night the old face took on the semblance of youth, and softness; strange, warm memories stirred in his heart, chasing the old bitterness of injustice and the cruel doubts that had dogged his life so long; an old gray church, a mass of ivy, and of drooping eaves that made a refuge for stray birds; within, a gentle sense of quiet and of safety; a face that beamed upon him from the far-off fields of boyhood—his mother's face. He took the beggar by the arm, drew her shawl securely round the wasted body: "Go home now," he said, "go home out of the cold, mother!"

She lifted her withered old hand and clutched at his; he could feel the hard, fleshless bones; there was a death-clutch in their long, strong fingers.

"God bless you," she said, "my son."

My son! The words rang in his ears like church bells. My son! The brown earth had long ago opened its bosom to her who had accepted the proffered refuge with those words upon her lips. And to hear them again, and from a beggar!

At the Club he found the boys waiting; they made a place for him at the table, welcoming him rather boisterously.

"Deal the cards, Waddy," said young Flake, who, though he moved in a different set, was the solid friend of Wardlaw. "Deal 'em out, we're not going to play late to-night, being its Christmas Eve."

Wardlaw dropped into the vacant seat and began to shuffle the cards; but he played badly; he was unnerved, out of temper. After an hour and a half of failure he threw down the cards and pushed back his chair.

"Boys," he said, "you'll have to let me out. I'm all upset." He brought his fist down upon the green table heavily. "A beggar did it; but I reckon I'm about done with this business. Don't let me break into your game; I'm going anyhow. Good-night—mother."

They had not heard the last, low-spoken word; they were familiar with what they called his eccentricities, however, and when the door had closed upon him, young Flake got up and gave his check to the porter.

"Bring my hat and coat," he said; then, to the men at the card-table: "He's all off color to-night. Somebody has touched upon his skeleton. Good fellow,

Wardlaw. Somebody has raked his old sore to-night. That's his mother. The way they treated his mother, after his father defaulted with the bank's money—he was cashier, and then blew his brains out—was what made him that which he is. She was a great church woman, and had worked all her life for the cause. She built the old gray church on Main Street; that is, she worked up concerts, and festivals, and the sewing racket, bazaars and all that, until two-thirds of the necessary money lay in the bank. The last third was supplied by Wardlaw's father; that was ten years before the bank went under. When it did go, the first to cut the suicide's widow and son were the fashionable church people, members of the Main Street branch," as Waddy calls it. The widow died in a month. Wardlaw went to the bad, so they say. He became a scoffer, and a gambler. He might have fought his way out of the tangle, if the girl he was engaged to hadn't cut him; merely sent his ring back in a tray of birthday flowers he had sent her. When they met once soon after that, she drew her skirts aside and turned her face another way. But he's a good fellow, with a heart as deep as a well. Ask the newsboys and the bootblacks; they can tell you all you want to know about Waddy. I saw ten of them on his track this evening; the little princes of the gutter wanted him to stand treat for fireworks. That performance over yonder in front of the Metropolitan is the result of the attack. You men are strangers here, so to speak; came with the boom; but we are old-timers, Wardlaw and I. And I am going to look after him." He was getting into his overcoat, drawing on his gloves, lighting a cigar.

"Good-night; I am going to find Waddy."

He pulled the door together behind him, and stepped out into the crisp, cold night. Suddenly he stopped; the bonfire across the square had assumed gigantic proportions. A man rushed by to an alarm box at the next corner. Flake turned back, put his head into the room and said:

"Boys, the Metropolitan is on fire."

At the same moment the alarm sounded, waking the sleepers to a different sort of revel than that they indulged in earlier in the night. It was evident from the first that the building must go; getting the occupants out, and such of the furniture as might be possible, was the only thing attempted. When this had been accomplished, the crowd stood back to watch the magnificent destruction it was powerless to prevent.

While they watched there appeared at a window of the top floor the figure of a man, tall and strong, bearing in his arms a woman. She seemed to be unconscious, strangled, perhaps, by the smoke. She wore a white nightdress, and her head drooped over the arm of her rescuer like a broken lily; her long hair fell to the floor in a golden shower that swept his knees as he held her.

A shout went up from the street—a cry of "Wardlaw! Wardlaw!" And then shrieks, from those who



called upon God. The man knew that he was recognized; he could hear the tumult without distinguishing the words. He was not thinking of the crowd, however; his eagle eye was watching a fireman adjusting a ladder beneath, far beneath the window. The ladder would be too short, but—

"Alice," he said, bending his face to the bright head upon his arm, "there is a chance—one, if you keep your courage. You must be fearless and strong to dare that which is for your own good. You know how to do that, Alice."

Even in the horror and fear of the moment she caught the faint reproach. With a sob, she lifted her arms and clasped them about his neck. The clasp was not all fear; the sweet breath upon his cheek held other warmth than the heat from the flame licking its red tongue to touch the gold-bright hair, as the strong arms lifted her through the window, down to the fireman on the ladder. As their hands parted, he nodded gayly and said: "Good-by, Ben Bolt."

To the fireman below he shouted: "Take her, Joe; I'll have to take my chances. There's an old negress in the next room—"

The rest was lost; but as he ran back to the help of the suffocated old woman he felt the building quiver and part, and the floor beneath his feet gave way. There was a smile upon his lips as he went down, and they were parted, as if he might have said: "We part upon the square, Ben Bolt."

#### A NICKEL-PLATED ROAD.

ARE the rails and engines all nickel-plated? is asked, time and again, by parties who are contemplating a trip West over this now famous and popular route. If not, where did it get its name of Nickel Plate? That is the question! Where did it get its name? It has justly earned its great popularity by reason of its smooth road-bed, elegant equipment, superb dining-cars, fast time, and, above all, by its giving to the public the *lowest rates* of any first-class line, between the East and West. Popular low rate excursions are of frequent occurrence, and every attention is shown its patrons for their comfort and pleasure. Through palace sleeping-cars are run between Boston, New York and Chicago, over the Fitchburg, West Shore, and Nickel Plate Roads. All information as to low rates, through sleeping-cars, etc., may be obtained of your nearest ticket agent, or by addressing F. J. Moore, General Agent, Nickel Plate Road, 23 Exchange Street, Buffalo, N. Y.





### The Cradle of the By-Gone Baby.

WITH SOME NATIONAL EXAMPLES.



PROPHETIC old Christmas Carol it was that declared of the Saviour—

"He neither shall be rocked in silver nor in gold,  
But in a wooden cradle that rocks on the mould."

And, in an Anglo-Saxon poem on the birth of Christ, the poet speaks of—

"The child's birth when he in the bin was in a child's form with cloths wound round."

Two quotations which bring to mind that first of all cradles, the manger cot of Bethlehem.

"With cloths wound round" refers unmistakably to the early custom of swaddling children in their infancy. This ridiculous and most injurious treatment is still practiced in parts of Europe, while in the ages when cradles were not commonly known it prevailed entirely. Then, the manner of treating young babies was most impressively like that resorted to with the fluffy new customers of the poultry yard—the careful farmer's wife covers up the chicks and places them by the fire. But our ancestral mites didn't even have the cradling of the old hat or basket; they were swaddled and laid on the ground close by the fire, to keep them warm, presumably.

There is a curious piece of history dating back to the latter half of the seventh century which points out that once having wrapped and laid their offspring by the fire, Anglo-Saxon mothers grew somewhat negligent. The Penitential, a code of ecclesiastical laws directing the proportional degrees of penance for each class and degree of crimes and offenses against public and private morals, penetrated also to the innermost recesses of domestic life. Thus the Penitential of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, directs that "if a woman place her infant by the side of the fire, and the man put water in the cauldron, and it boil over and the child be scalded to death, the woman must do penance for her negligence, but the man is acquitted of blame."

It was about the close of the thirteenth century that cradles were spoken of in connection with babies, though the figurative cots of the Saviour were illuminated in the earlier MSS. The manner in which the new-born infant was treated by all grades of society in the early part of the fourteenth century was thus laid down by Walter de Bibbesworth: "As soon as the child is born it must be swathed; lay it to sleep in its cradle and you must have a nurse to rock it to sleep."

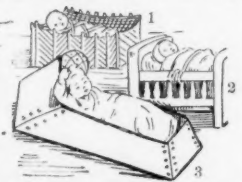
The Anglo-Saxon cradle is a representation of one of the earliest forms of this piece of furniture. The construction is rude, but from it the cradle grew to be of elegant form, and, at a period not much later, could boast rich ornamentation.

In old references as far back as the ninth or tenth centuries are to be found curious examples of cradles formed of innumerable tiny pieces of wood. The bed was an inner hammock or network poised on the outer curved wooden frame of the cot. This sort of mattress is not even yet extinct, and on some old-fashioned beds furnishes all the yielding quality of modern springs. The cradle itself may be compared somewhat to the wicker-work of the early American Indian who swathed her young in a piece of blanket and then laced the whole tightly in soft bark of the willow or dog-wood. This basket was left then to sprawl and toss at the will of its occupant, or to swing from its pole under some forest tree, as represented in the initial illustration.

The example given of a cradle of the end of the fourteenth century is that of the child of a merchant spoken of by the famous Christine de Pisan. She relates how the wife of the merchant lay in a room whose walls were hung with precious tapestry of Cyprus on which the initials and motto of the lady were embroidered. The sheets on her bed were fine linen of Rheims and had



1. 9th to 10th century—2. Cradle from sculpture in the Hotel de Ville, Brussels.—3. Early Anglo-Saxon.

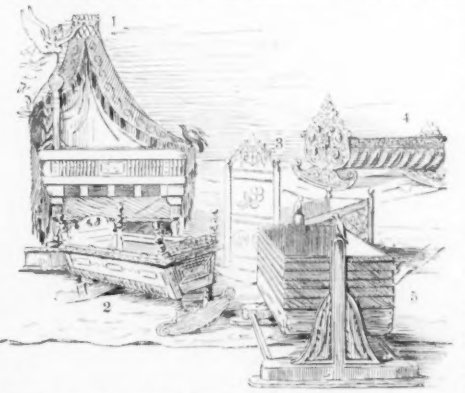


1. 9th to 10th century—2. Cradle from sculpture in the Hotel de Ville, Brussels.—3. Early Anglo-Saxon.

cost more than three hundred pounds; the quilt was a new invention of silk and silver tissue; the carpet was like gold. The lady wore an elegant dress of crimson silk, and rested her head and arms on pillows ornamented with buttons of Oriental pearls. The cradle which stood by the mother's bed doubtless partook of the richness of its general surroundings, though, as you see, its form is still simple. It appears, from this description, that the laws of the period forbidding the bourgeoisie to approach in their dress the grandeur of the nobles must have been but carelessly observed. Philippe le Bel, the publisher of the edict of restriction, and his wife, Jeanne de Navarre, made a journey to Bruges and Ghent. The historian, Jean Mayer, relates of Jeanne that, on seeing the costly array of the bourgeois of those two rich cities, she exclaimed: "I thought I was the only Queen here, but I see more than six hundred!"

In the fourteenth century the men of Ghent, according to Froissart, destroyed the house of the Earl of Flanders, and with it all his furniture, including the cradle in which he was nursed, which was of silver.

One of the most favored shapes of the antique cradle was that of a boat or shield; both could be rocked. Other old cradles were mere square boxes, protected at the sides like a modern cot, and with feet on rockers. It was not until the fifteenth century that suspended cradles came into use. One of the most interesting examples of these was the cradle in which "Harry of Monmouth," King Henry V., reposed. In form it resembled a chest, and swung on posts, one at each end, standing on cross-bars to keep them steady. Henry was born in Monmouth Castle, and the spot became famed accordingly. It is said that the Marchioness of Worcester was directed by her grandfather, the first Duke of Beaufort, "to lie



HISTORIC CRADLES.—1. King of Rome. 2. James VI. 3. H. R. H. Victoria. 4. Charles Neville. 5. Henry V.

in of her first child in a house lately built within the Castle of Monmouth, near the spot of ground and space where our hero, Henry V., was born.

The Oriental or Italian cradle of the sixteenth century was another example of the swinging cot. The manner in which the child was strapped in it at that date was about as beneficial, physically, as the early bonds of swaddling clothes.

Soon the art of the wood-carver and painter of the Middle Ages came to be much exercised in the ornamentation of cradles. But then things had moved on generally for the babies from the reign of Philip Augustus (end of the twelfth century), when the children of the King slept in sheets of serge. The age had not been ignorant of such things as blind man's buff, hide and seek, quoits, marbles, peg humming tops, dolls and picture books. The children of Louis of Orleans and his wife had for their amusement two little books of pictures illuminated with vermillion, and covered with vermillion leather of Cordova which cost four hundred francs.

Among the most interesting relics of ornamented cradles comes that ancient one which formerly belonged to the brave but unfortunate Charles Neville, last Earl of Westmoreland of Brancepeth Castle. The Earl was attainted for being concerned along with Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and others, in an insurrection against Queen Elizabeth in the North (1570). Neville fled beyond the seas and died in extreme poverty. His cradle of oak was about the size of modern ones. It was richly ornamented with mosaic gilt-work, the arms and crests of the family and its connections at the head, feet and sides, among which appears the white rose of the House of York, denoting the attachment of the Nevilles to that branch of the royal family of England during the Wars of the Roses.

That love and war-making monarch, Henri Quatre (Henry IV. of France), was born in the old chateau at Pau, and cradled in a tortoise-shell. The story runs that his mother, Jeanne d'Albret, sang during her pain that the infant might prove a strong and resolute man. The original cradle was doubtless burned during the Revolution, though, needless to say, another tortoise-shell was set up for exhibition in the birth-room of the castle, and surrounded by relics of the royal family.

A good example of its kind is the oak cradle of James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, son of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Lord Darnley. James was born in the Castle of Edinburgh. His cradle is a substantial piece of furniture with inlays on the side, and bold and effective carving. The cot of this most fortunate, though not most worthy, of the Stuarts was in the possession of the Earl of Mar and Kellie in 1888.

In England at the end of the seventeenth and during the early part of the eighteenth centuries the cradle was an approved present to parents on the birth of the first child. Such presents were made of clay and often of much more precious material. The slip-decorated cradle is a good example of an earthenware cot of that period. It was worked up in plain style, we are told, no mold or model being used. Flattened bats joined together sufficed for the shape, and knobs rolled in the hands were stuck on at the corners by way of ornament. An inscription or design in contrasting color was put on as additional elaboration by pouring through a small pipe clay diluted with water to the consistency of a batter. It flowed through the "slip" to form running traceries or dropped in small dots in bold contrast with the ground; hence the name "slip-decorated."

Most of the slip designs were in brown on a buff ground. The inscription on the cradles referred to the person to whom they were dedicated, as in the case of the one represented, bearing William Smith on one side and Martha Smith on the other.

The cradle of the son of that great unfortunate, Napoleon, cannot fail to be of interest. On that March morning in 1811 all the conqueror's anxieties had ceased, all his desires were fulfilled—he received into his arms the son of Marie Louise and hastened to exhibit the infant to the officers of his household, exclaiming in the intoxication of joy: "He is a King of Rome!" M. de Bourrienne, Napoleon's frequent detractor, could not help saying that "the entry into the world of the King of

Rome was saluted by a general enthusiasm and that no child ever saw the light of day surrounded by so brilliant a crown of glory." According to L'Ardeche, all Paris lined the path of the Emperor on the occasion of the baptism of his son, and the smile of Napoleon, so fugitive and rare on his severe countenance, allowed itself to be surprised and observed. The child received the names of Napoleon Francis Charles Joseph. He became known as Napoleon II. after his father's abdications in 1814 and 1815. The title was never anything but an empty one. The grandfather, Francis I. of Austria, had him created Duke of Reichstadt in 1818, and he resided at the Austrian Court after his father's fall. In 1832 he died of laryngeal phthisis at Schönbrunn, near Vienna. The cradle of his early and only kingly days was designed by Frud'hon after a suggestion of the Grecian. It was fashioned at a time when pillars and porticoes and elaborate ornament prevailed. The drapery, fringe and accessories were of the finest. The designer was the artist-teacher of the King of Rome's mother, Marie Louise.

An elegant brass cot shown at the International Exhibition of 1862 brought much celebrity to its Birmingham maker, and would perhaps rival anything the very modern child is put to rest in now, for shape and comfort both.

Looked at from the art side, there is probably no finer example of a cradle than Her Majesty Queen Victoria's. It was designed and carved in Turkey boxwood by Mr. Harry Rogers, whose work in the forties and fifties was notable. The design of the carving symbolizes the union of the Royal Houses of England with that of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. One end exhibits the arms and national motto of England and the other those of H. R. H. Prince Albert. The inscription, "Anno 1830," was placed by Her Majesty's special command between the dolphins. The cradle was pronounced at the time to be one of the most important examples of wood-carving ever executed in the country. Its sides were bounded at the top by Italian friezes of arabesque, among which were occasionally introduced English roses and poppies, emblematic of sleep.

LILLIAN A. NORTH.

### THE LATE PRINCESS BISMARCK.

THE NOBLE HELPMATE OF AN ILLUSTRIOUS MAN.

THE death of Princess Bismarck has given the great ex-Chancellor of Germany one more confirmation of his belief that this world must, by all wise men, be regarded as a traveler regards an inn; and that one must expect here to find everything transitory. With the vanishing of the noble woman who for so many years had lavished tender care upon him, and had doubtless many times saved his life in times of strain and crisis, when without her ministrations he might have succumbed, the venerable statesman loses almost his last interest in things earthly. The love of the great man for his spouse has increased every year since the



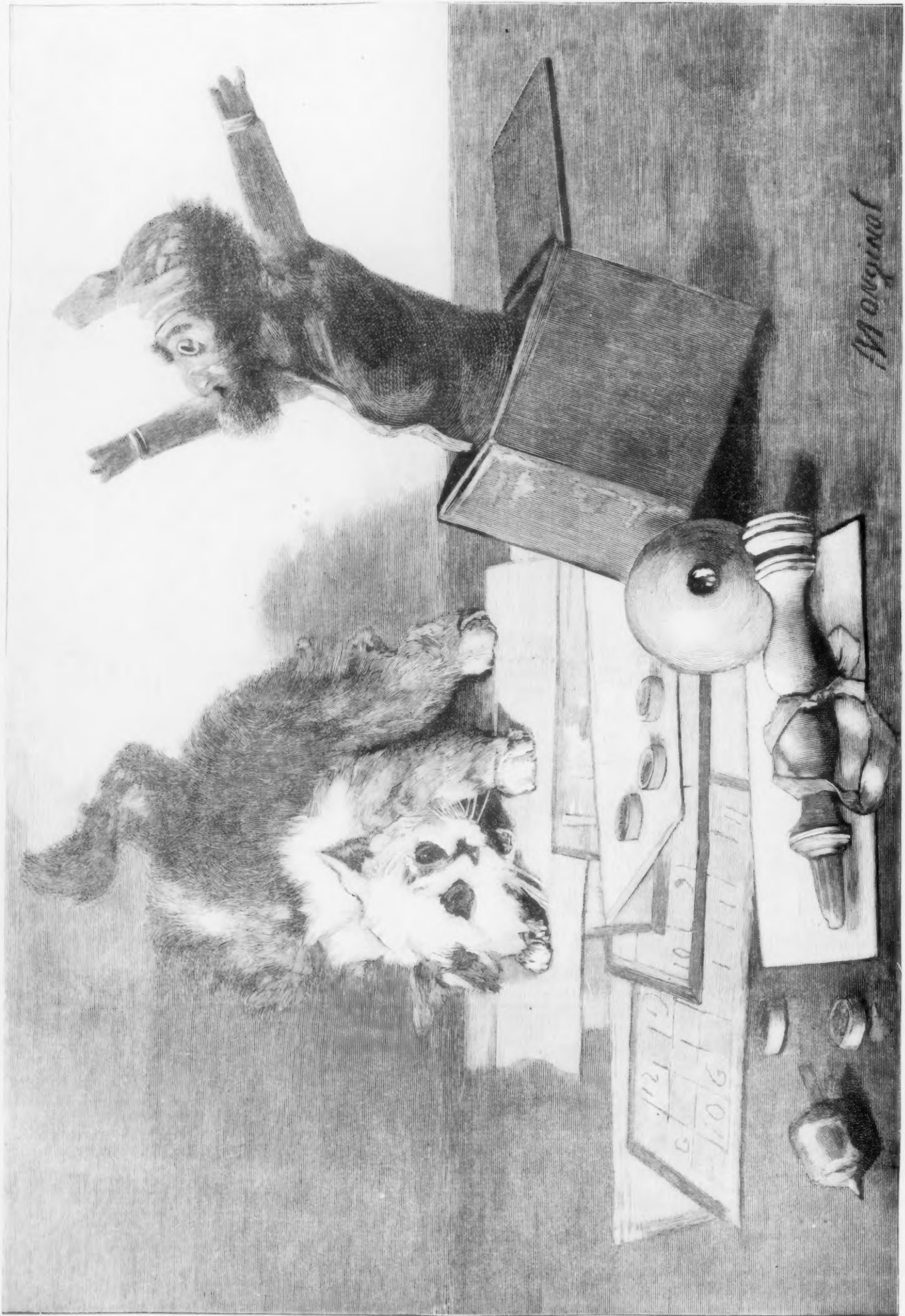
PRINCESS BISMARCK.

day when, in defiance of her parents' opposition to their marriage, he threw his arms about her in their presence, and said, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Princess Bismarck was Johanna von Puttkammer, the daughter of a landed proprietor of Pomerania. Her father and mother admired Bismarck, but objected to him on account of his wildness. He was in his youth known as the "wild squire"—a name which his freaks at the University, his habit of firing pistols instead of ringing bells to call waiters, and his predilection for smashing beer glasses on the heads of those who disagreed with him seemed to justify. It is noteworthy that from the time of his marriage dates Bismarck's conversion to tranquility, and the growth of his reputation as a statesman. The good lady was associated with every step of the famous man's career, from the time when he was dyke-inspector on the Elbe River until he was acclaimed by the world as the unifier of Germany, and the builder of the federated Empire which rendered the nation practically unassailable.

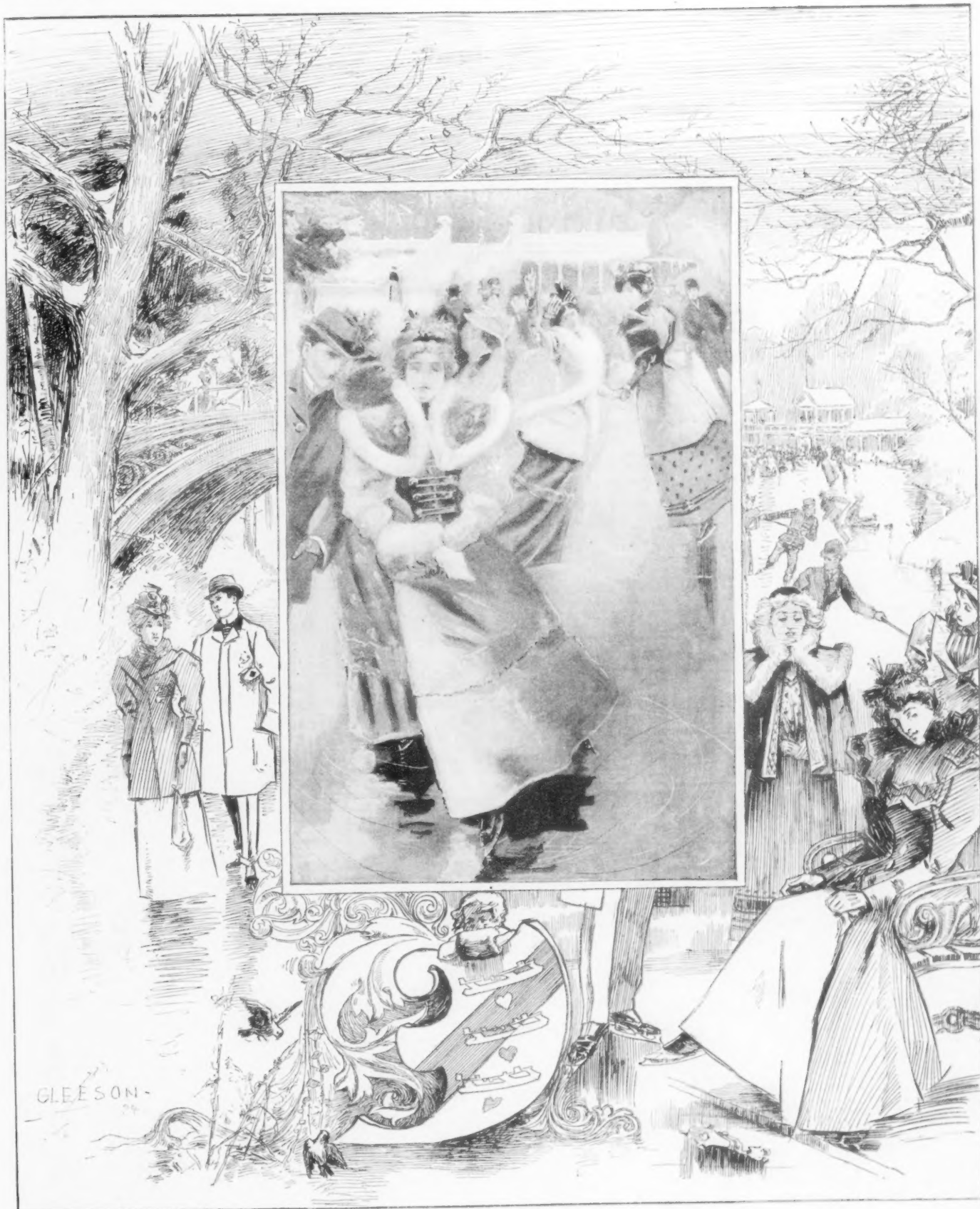


Slip-decorated Cradle.



A TERRIBLE FRIGHT.





A WINTER'S DAY IN CENTRAL PARK.

THE great strike of the cloakmakers in this city is not yet at an end. A few of the twelve or fourteen thousand oppressed victims of the sweaters have succeeded in securing weekly wages; but the mass of them are still starving in preference to returning to the old servitude. If the strike is not settled by spring, the manufacturers cannot send out their samples, and the cloakmakers are hoping for a yielding to their reasonable terms when that time comes. Never was a more gallant fight made, under more pathetic circumstances, by organized labor.

THE operation of the new tariff has thrown four hundred people out of work in East Oakland, Cal., by closing the jute mill there. Jute bags now come from India, where coolie labor is ten cents a day. But in California wheat farmers will not get their bags any cheaper.

FOOTBALL can be made a gentlemanly sport by a little pressure of public opinion. This was demonstrated in the game played in this city between Princeton and Yale on Saturday, December 1. So much criticism of

the game at Springfield had been heard that it was resolved to play the Princeton-Yale match properly. There was a brilliant social gathering to see the game, which was won by Yale. The sons of Eli are carrying everything before them this year.

It is possible that the Turk may be compelled by the great Powers to atone for the horrors of the massacre in Armenia. The circumstantial details now coming in show that the slaughter was horribly widespread. The living reports which the Turkish officials are making can do nothing to deceive the judgment of America and Europe on this terrible affair.

THE Post-Office Department has not greatly distinguished itself by giving such a name as "Surrender" to the old post-office at Appomattox Court House, Va., where the historic interview between Grant and Lee took place. There is no need to perpetuate the memories of the Civil War in the nomenclature of Southern towns.

## A DELIGHTED READER.

SAC CITY, IA., Nov. 23.

DEAR "ONCE A WEEK":

Inclosed find my renewal of subscription. This is my second year, and as long as I have means to pay the reasonable sum you ask for such an immense amount of first-class reading matter I shall be a delighted reader of *ONCE A WEEK*.

Yours very truly,

MRS. VAN PALTEN.

## THE BEST PAPER HE HAS EVER READ.

NOV. 20, 1894.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

We have no desire to discontinue our subscription to *ONCE A WEEK*, even though cash is scarce at present. Its weekly picture of the world's doings is thankfully received. The novels are more than entertaining; the life and scenes described in them are courage-inspiring and powerful.

The Rev. P. W. Smith, of the Church of England here, says that the paper is "the best that he has ever read," and he is, as I am, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the second part of "Under Sealed Orders."

We agree with your ideas on certain important problems, and have some suggestions to make at a later date.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN CHESTER POWELL.

## A CHRISTMAS EVE IN AUSTRALIA.

MELBOURNE'S FASHIONABLE PROMENADE.

WHAT are generally known as the latest Paris fashions are never in vogue in Australia until six months after their appearance on the Boulevards or Regent Street. Not that the Australians are behindhand in enterprise or slow in taking to the up-to-date innovations of the old world; but, as it is bright daylight, with the sun at its zenith in Australia, when the moon is shedding its pale beams over the Eastern Hemisphere, so it is mid-winter at the Antipodes when London, Paris and New York have donned their lightest fabric and seek protection from the summer heat. Hence, Australia being six months behind the seasons of Europe and America, of necessity she is six months behind the fashions. But the Boulevards, Rotten Row or Fifth Avenue present no fairer spectacle than the vision of primeval elegance, beautiful toilets and handsome women to be seen on Melbourne's fashionable promenade on a summer's afternoon.

Fashion's thoroughfare in Melbourne is very short, extending a distance of not further than two or three blocks, according to New York measurement. The citizens have dubbed the promenade "The Block." It is very correctly named, for there is never a bright afternoon on which there is not a block, and save for the masculine fraternity, who do not indulge in parasols and sunshades, thereby affording extra space for their sisters, much of the finery displayed would have the appearance of variegated ribbon after a turn or two along the promenade. The sunshades are generally in themselves a beautiful sight. Seen from one of the high buildings, they give the appearance of an enormous bed of richly tinted flowers, waving to and fro in the breeze. The bright sunlight necessitates careful protection of the complexion, and no lady is seen abroad by day without her parasol, which is always up to date and in keeping with the costume.

It is the day before Christmas when Melbourne is generally filled with country cousins, and visitors from the adjacent colonies, taking advantage of the holidays, pay a visit to the Queen City of the South to exchange greetings with their colonial friends.

To-morrow it may be a hundred in the shade, and the Christmas dinner will be eaten in the open air, beneath the friendly foliage of the veranda or lawn. The suburban residences of Melbourne are mostly villas standing back from the roadways, embowered with vinerias and semi-tropical foliage. To-morrow the city will be deserted. The gay picture presented this afternoon on "The Block" will have vanished as if by magic.

It is four o'clock, the stores, or shops, as they are termed in Australia, are crowded to the doors with the latest arrivals from the country, anxious to lay aside their rustic garments and emerge decked out from top to toe in the newest imported costume, copied from plates exposed for view in the windows. Startling, indeed, are some of the transformations. The shabby, though pretty little governess, who has not seen the city for a year, being engaged on a squatter's station in the bush since last Christmas, educating an unruly half-dozen children, has ample revenge for her servitude this afternoon. After cashing her check and changing her threadbare gown for a magnificent Parisian robe, with hat, shoes, gloves and sunshade to match, she becomes "the cynosure of every eye"; the belle of "The Block," in fact. So great is the change that her lover, who has been waiting outside the store, does not recognize her as his own as she appears; but experiences a thrill at the sight of such a lovely woman, and would have lost her in the crowd had she not recognized him.

What a kaleidoscopic panorama of beauty and fashion "The Block" presents. There are the familiar faces seldom missed day by day, who in the afternoon, between the hours of two and six, publicly advertise their latest garments or newest acquaintances. There are the usual two girls of fashionable trim, unmistakable flirts,

appearing to be known from end to end of "The Block," judging from the gentlemen's hats that are raised in recognition on all sides, to the confusion of many of the crowd passing by. The young man from the country is giving the preliminary canter to the new suit he has apparently just donned in a tailor's hard by. His shoes seem to pinch, and altogether he appears very awkward and uncomfortable. The young lady by his side is not so fashionably dressed. She has not quite made up her mind what she requires, and is a source of con-

are both disappointed and disgusted at the fashionable promenade of which they had heard so much.

There are visitors from the South Australian capital, Adelaide, disappointed with Melbourne by comparison with their own city, which is termed the Washington of Australia, owing to its broad, beautifully laid out thoroughfares and marble buildings. Adelaide being more tropical than Melbourne, its visitors are delighted with the coolness of the climate, while the visitors from New Zealand, a more temperate clime, are almost prostrate with the heat. There are

Tasmanian beauties, from that peaceful garden of the Southern Seas, bewildered by the bustle, and discussing the artificial charms of the Victorian belles by comparison with their own, to the disparagement of the former. Visitors from the rival city Sydney are decrying everything in the same measure that New York and Chicago criticise each other. There are Queensland belles, less rubicund than their Victorian sisters, but scarcely less fashionable. Here, it might be said, is "a mass of beauty, grace, wealth and color." The dressing is distinctly *a la* Boulevards. The feast of fashion is partaken of greedily. All are taking part in the performance and all are auditors. The endless procession streams on, ever changing in effect, ever variegated. The bright fresh colors of the newly displayed summer costumes on this December afternoon, bedecking graceful forms of every phase of loveliness and contour, seem to the novice as the latest dream of fair women.

On the procession moves, seemingly unheeding. Many of the newcomers risk the cable car crossing beyond "The Block," and continue west where the merchants and shipping offices are; but the attraction soon wanes where the crowd is thinnest, so they return to the fashionable promenade and join in the line of the procession moving on through Collins Street easterly to Swanston Street, where "The Block" again ends. Some of the procession halt near the Town Hall, then fall in with the returning throng. Others in small groups make a pause, fringing the pavement; and many pass into Swanston Street a few yards to examine the designs of the florists, thus making the detour less abruptly.

The throng thus promenading is very cosmopolitan. There are clerks and merchants in black shining stovepipe hats, *a la* Piccadilly, and out of place in this sunny country. There are bushmen in brand-new broad-brimmed straws; squatters or ranchmen in high white boxers; bookmakers of every colony, over for the Christmas races, attired in the most modest checks; actors, who might be mistaken for politicians; actresses, without the faintest tinge of rouge upon their cheeks; the pets of society and visitors at Government House—all swelling the great train and adding to the attractiveness of the pageant. Hand-some equipages of Bond Street and Belgrave style, in which loiter luxuriously fair Australia's daughters—the self-raised aristocracy—pass slowly through the spacious thoroughfare drawn by horses of equal splendor, that are pawing and prancing in a continuous line.

And here on this spot, only fifty years ago, was thick bush and scrub wherein a white man had scarcely penetrated. Right in the heart of this "fashion's feast," not more than half a century ago, was a camp of savage aborigines who held their corroborees on the banks of the river Yarra. There are those among the gay crowd along "The Block" who have watched the changes; seen each old landmark disappear, and the great marble structures rise. As the vapors cleared from the swamps, the sun pierced the forest line and gilded the domes and spires of a city destined to be the capital of a mighty Southern empire.

Some of the old pioneers would pause in that crowd of fashion and wealth, awakened to wonder and yet as if in a dream. "The old tracks are gone. The creeks, where are they? The black fellow with his boomerang? It can't be real!"

CHARLES BRADLEY.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.



stant annoyance to her companion, as she will insist on standing, mouth agape, at the customer's windows. Finally, in the dense crowd she misses him, and but for the stream of people who bear her along the pavement it is likely she would make a scene by crying out her loss; but she at last finds herself at the edge of the pavement, away from the crush of "The Block," where she discovers her young man interviewing a policeman in reference to her disappearance. He was about to offer reward for her recovery. They and many other visitors fight shy of "The Block" after such experiences. They



## WHAT NOT TO CHOOSE FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

THE custom of gifts at Christmas is such a beautiful reminder of God's Great Gift to the world that it should never fall into disuse; and, probably, will never do so unless the abuse of the happy custom shall work its destruction. Of this danger there is now less indication than a few years ago. When observed in moderation there is not in the world so charming a festival. It is so pleasant to receive, and so perfectly delightful to give these tokens of good-will, that one is almost always sorry when Christmas has come and gone, and we must wait a whole year for the festival of gifts to come again.

Yet every year the question of what to give to each friend that shall prove the

most acceptable, is one causing no little thought in all circles, and sometimes perplexity also. A first step in deciding what to give is to decide upon what not to give. It may sound like strange advice, but there are good reasons for advising that no presents shall be given in the direct line of the principal occupation, or the pet enthusiasms of those to whom we wish to give pleasure.

About a year ago a lady who was much interested in the subject made a point of inquiring among all of her acquaintances to whom she had never made presents (and who knew that there was no probability of her ever making any to them) in regard to what each would most desire if allowed the opportunity of choice. Somewhat to the questioner's surprise, the replies nearly always began with, "Well, I want a great many things, but, whatever else may come, I hope no one will give me"—this or that. And the thines and thats always proved to be in the very line in which it might have been supposed the speaker's needs were greatest.

Three physicians hoped that no one would present them with surgical instruments or medical books.

An editor wearily declared that he "supposed no one would ever think of giving him anything but books, of which he had always a surfeit, while it would occur to no one that he needed a new easy-chair for his inglenook, that a warm and pretty lounging gown was not to be despised, that good pictures were the delight of his eyes; that, in fact, he had need of almost any and everything but books. "Books?" he repeated, shuddering as he looked around his "den" upon books piled to right of him, books piled to left of him, books straight in front of him, glistening and new, "the only books I ever wish to see again are the good old ones;" and he glanced lovingly at a case or two, filled with his treasures; "and those I prefer to choose for myself."

A well-known writer of books said virtually the same thing; and so did a doctor of divinity, with the reservation that he didn't "so much mind" handsomely illustrated works of general literature and art.

An eminent microscopist very much desired an improved microscope, but hoped it would not occur to any one to give him one at Christmas, as he would rather select it for himself. When reminded that he was probably safe, as the cost of such gifts was not within the range of many purses, he laughingly shook his head. "On the contrary! I have a generous millionaire friend who, I am afraid, is meditating that very gift. And it will be such a pity! He knows nothing about the instruments, and having to take the dealer's word in regard to it, will be certain to make a mistake, for, with the best of intentions, the latter is not apt to be a whit better informed about the special thing which I want than himself."

"The best thing for your millionaire friend, then, would be to give you *carte-blanche* to order for yourself just such an instrument as you wish?"

"Yes!" perceptibly brightening; "but"—with a plaintive sort of smile—"he will never think of that."

"I have made all my Christmas purchases," exclaimed a happy-faced young girl to her mother and aunt. "I have something for every one, and I'm sure they'll all be pleased, for I've taken such pains to find something to hit the hobby of each one!"

Poor girl! She had chosen a set of photographic views for an amateur photographer; books for a writer; cigars for a smoker; a water-color from the "Woman's Exchange" for an artist; an etching from a well-worn plate for a collector of "artists' proofs"; an embroidered lunch-cloth for a lady whose own embroideries are the admiration of all beholders; had been at considerable pains and expense to procure for a noted Oriental scholar of her acquaintance a Babylonish cylinder, which proved to be worthless, and had bought what seemed to her inexperienced eyes a rarely beautiful cameo for a collector of those gems, whose eyes it offends every time he glances at it, yet who must perforce give it a prominent place in his cabinet.

The mother and aunt exchanged looks of comprehension and compassion. By a few gentle hints they managed to change the destination of some of the gifts; but for the most of them there was no help, unless the poor girl were to cast aside all the purchases which had given her so much pleasure, and make new, which would have half broken her young heart, and quite broken her not too well-filled purse.

This year the gem collector will be genuinely pleased by receiving an interesting and beautifully illustrated book; the book-writer will be charmed with an article of dress, or of jewelry; the artist will be delighted to receive a season ticket for the Philharmonic or Symphony concerts; and a musical friend will be grateful for an etching with a pleasing sub-

ject, even though the artist's signature may not adorn the lower left-hand corner.

True bringing of coals to Newcastle is the giving of gifts which might, without reflection, be supposed to be peculiarly appropriate to the particular tastes and pursuits of our friends! Not only do the Newcastalians have an abundance of coals, but they are extremely critical judges of the article, and by no means likely to be pleased with the selections made by the inhabitants of Greenland, or any other locality where coals are an imported luxury.

Rather let the Newcastalians send of their coals, give of their abundance to those who have little or nothing of their own special commodity. Let each one give of that which he understands the best. His friends are almost sure to be both pleased with the gift and flattered by the fact that their friend has given them of that which he himself most values.

Of course in one's immediate family there are many opportunities for discovering what each member most needs or will most highly appreciate, and one can never go far amiss in giving things which are at the same time useful and beautiful to those of restricted means, whether relatives, friends or dependents; but in choosing gifts for friends, where no element but that of evincing good-will and giving pleasure enters in, one is much more sure to meet success by making one's selection in the lines with which one is most familiar.

HELEN EVERTSON SMITH.



**CANDIED VIOLETS.**—Cut the stalks off a pound of full-bloom violets and throw the flowers into cold water to freshen. Spread on a towel to dry. Cook a pound and a quarter of sugar to the degree known as "small ball" (which is tested by dipping the finger in cold water, then in the sugar, and immediately in water again; if the sugar can be rolled into a soft ball between the fingers, it has reached its degree of cooking, and the thermometer will mark 236° to 238° Fahrenheit). Throw in the violets, remove the pan from the fire, and stir the flowers gently to submerge them. Boil this up once and then transfer to a vessel. Let stand till next day, when drain them on a sieve, pour the syrup back into a copper vessel, add a little more sugar, and cook again to "small ball." Put the flowers in, boil up and transfer once more for another twelve hours. Then drain off, pour the syrup back into the pan, boil it once or twice, add the violets and remove the pan from the fire. Stir the violets lightly until the syrup begins to grain, then pour the whole on sheets of paper; shake and separate the flowers carefully with the hands, and when dry, pick them from the granulated sugar, arrange on a grate and leave to get cold.

**ALMOND AIGRETTES.**—Blend together a gill of tepid water, a tablespoonful of salad oil, an egg, a teaspoonful of castor sugar, three ounces and a half of flour, an ounce of ground or chopped almonds (blanched) and a few drops of essence of almonds. Beat the flour, oil, yolk and water to a smooth batter; add the almonds and sugar, and beat for a few minutes; then whisk in the stiffly beaten white of the egg. Half fill well-greased patty pans with the mixture, using two forks to lift it. Bake quickly. Serve in a light pile with plenty of sugar over them. These may be served hot or cold; at tea, luncheon or dinner.

## FREE A GRAND OFFER.

MME. A. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH.

MME. A. RUPPERT says: "I appreciate the fact that there are thousands and thousands of ladies in the United States that would like to try my World-renowned FACE BLEACH; but have been kept from doing so on account of the price, which is \$2.00 per bottle, or 3 bottles taken together, \$6.00. In order that all of these may have an opportunity, I will give to every caller, absolutely free during this month, a sample bottle, and in order to supply those living outside of the city, or in any part of the world, I will send it safely packed, plain wrapper, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25c. silver or stamps."

Address all communications or call on MADAME A. RUPPERT, 6 E. 14th St., N. Y.

## WHERE TO FIND GAME.

Where to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in gamey fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

Good hotels are convenient, and horses and guides can be secured at reasonable rates.

For circular showing fishing and hunting resorts reached by the B. & O. R. R. address Chas. O. Seull, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

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LADIES' OR GENT'S SIZE.  
CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this watch by express for examination. A Guarantee for 5 Years and chain and charm sent with it. You examine it and if you think it a bargain pay our sample price, \$2.50, and it is yours. It is beautifully engraved and warranted the best time-keeper in the World for the money and equal in appearance to a genuine gold watch. Write to-day, this offer will not appear again.

**EASTLAKE MFG. CO.,**  
Corner Adams and State Sts.  
CHICAGO, ILL.

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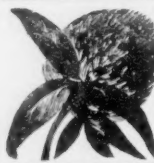
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**LIFE'S SHORT!** The use of tobacco makes it shorter. We want to say right here that we have not the time, much less the inclination, to preach printed sermons for the sake of making a man quit tobacco, if he doesn't know that it hurts him. We want to talk to the man who realizes that he is tobacco spitting and smoking his life away; who wants to stop and can't. Do you ever stop and think that tobacco produces a diseased condition of the nervous system—so much so, that you are compelled from time to time, to feed the never ceasing demands with tobacco, and that you may have, like millions of other men,

**A TOBACCO HEART?** Nearly every day the newspapers give an account of some eminent man falling suddenly dead at his desk from heart disease. As a rule no middle-aged man in active business dies thus suddenly unless poisoned, and that poison, in the majority of cases, is tobacco. Meanwhile the slaughter goes on. The press and the pulpit seem muzzled, the majority being participants in the popular vice, and those who are not seem hypnotized and afraid to speak out.

**VITALITY NICOTINIZED!** Tobacco destroys manhood. Tens of thousands of men feel the darkening clouds of early decline upon them because nature, not exhausted naturally, but burdened with the taking care of tobacco-poisoned blood, fed day and night, has surely and slowly succumbed to the frightful effects of tobacco upon the vital forces, that makes strong men *IMPOTENT* and destroys their manhood.

**YOU ASK FOR PROOF?** Test No-To-Bac under our absolute guarantee; feel how quick No-to-bac kills the desire for tobacco, eliminates the nicotine, steadies the nerves, increases the weight, makes the blood pure and rich and tingling with new life and energy. Hundreds of letters from aged men testify to years of tobacco slavery, and tell how No-to-bac destroyed tobacco's power and brought back feelings long since dead, while sensations of a younger existence once more warmed the cockles of the old man's heart. Gloomy days were gone, the sunshine was brighter; the warbles of the little birds all spoke of love; the old man made young again—and happy.

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NO-TO-BAC DOESN'T CURE EVERYONE.

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Have been received from enthusiastic users of NO-TO-BAC. We print a few to show how NO-TO-BAC does the work. We do not want our testimonials doubted, for they are truth—pure and simple. We know it and propose to back them up by offering a reward of \$5,000 to anyone who can prove that any testimonial published is false, or that we have knowingly and willingly caused to be printed testimonials that do not, so far as we know, represent the honest opinion of the writers.

### Tobacco Cured Consumption—No-To-Bac Cures the Tobacco Habit and Consumptive Gets Well.

TWO RIVERS, Wis., Feb. 2.—[Special.]—Great excitement and interest has been manifested in the recovery of an old-time resident of this town, Mr. Joseph Hunt, who has for several years been considered by all his friends a hopeless consumptive. Investigation shows that for over thirty-two years he used three and a half pounds of tobacco a week. A short time ago he was induced to try a tobacco-habit cure called "No-To-Bac." Talking about his miraculous recovery to-day he said: "Yes, I used No-To-Bac, and two boxes completely cured me. I thought, and so did all my friends, that I had consumption. Now they say, as you say, 'how healthy and strong you look, Joe,' and whenever they ask me what cured my consumption, I tell them No-To-Bac. The last week I used tobacco I lost four pounds. The morning I began the use of No-To-Bac I weighed 127 1/4 pounds; to-day I weigh 132, a gain of 4 1/4 pounds. I eat heartily and sleep well. Before I used No-To-Bac I was so nervous that when I went to drink I had to hold the glass in both hands. To-day my nerves are perfectly steady. Where did I get No-To-Bac? All the druggists in town keep it. I have recommended it to over one hundred people, and do not know of a single failure to cure. This special telegram appeared in over 3,000 papers of the Western Union Association."

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VERONA, Mo., March 23, 1904. DEAR SIR:—We smoked and chewed tobacco for 40 years. February 3, 1904, we commenced using No-To-Bac. We have no desire now for the "weed" in any form, and feel much better in every way. Boys, take No-To-Bac. J. B. W. & F. L. A. BENNINGTON, Editors "Sentinel."

### Cigarette Habit and Tobacco Cough Gone.

OFFERMAN, Ga., March 13, 1904. GENTLEMEN:—I was an inveterate cigarette smoker, consuming an average of fifty daily. I was never seen without one in my mouth. Since taking No-To-Bac the desire is gone with that everlasting cough. I feel simply fine. I am sure that No-To-Bac is all you claim, and more, too. Yours truly, J. H. HAGAN.

### "Tobacco Spit and Blood."

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., June 8, 1904. GENTLEMEN:—I smoked constantly since 15 years of age, and during the last few weeks I spit blood. Doctor said I had consumption. I used three boxes No-To-Bac, the desire for tobacco is gone and I gained twenty pounds. I consider your claim that No-To-Bac is worth its weight in gold too modest. I honestly would not take \$1,000 for my benefit. Yours truly, W. N. BROWN, 41 So. 3d St.



### No-To-Bac Makes My Nerves Strong.

PATTERSON, Pa., June 18, 1904. GENTLEMEN:—One box No-To-Bac entirely cured me of the tobacco habit and strengthened my nerves, built up my system and increased my weight. I now praise No-To-Bac to my friends and all tobacco users. Yours sincerely, WESLEY L. ZEIDERS.

### Three North Carolinians Cured.

NEUSE, N. C., May 1, 1904. GENTLEMEN:—Your No-To-Bac has completely cured myself, S. F. Hatch and W. A. Green of this place. Mr. Green has used tobacco in every form for thirty years. I had used it for 15 years. We are all gaining in flesh every day. No-To-Bac is truly worth its weight in gold. Yours truly, J. T. HUNTER.

### Reports 36 Cures and 1 Failure.

MT. AYS, Ia., Nov. 11, 1903. GENTLEMEN:—I have the first failure to report. Mr. J. H. Morris used tobacco from early boyhood, now 40 years of age. Please advise me. I have great faith in the efficacy of No-To-Bac, having cured at least 36 very hard tobacco users. B. C. WARREN, Druggist.

### Snuffed for Thirty-Five Years.

RIDD, Ky., May 12, 1904. GENTLEMEN:—No-To-Bac entirely cured me of a thirty-five year snuff habit, and made my gain 21 pounds. Thank God for No-To-Bac. Yours truly, MRS. M. A. RIDD.

### Smoked, Chewed and Snuffed 51 Years.

BUTLER, Pa., June 18, 1904. DEAR SIR:—Three boxes of No-To-Bac cured me of smoking, chewing and snuff habit, to which I had been addicted for 51 years. The nicotine is out of my system, and since I quit using tobacco I can't bear the smell of it. Very truly yours, HENRY BEAN.

### No-To-Bac a Money and Life Saver.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 11, 1904. DEAR SIR:—No-To-Bac did the work, and I gladly recommend it as a money and life saver. You can consider me a walking, talking, living advertisement, and I believe that I have already induced many people to take No-To-Bac. Very respectfully yours, A. J. MYERS.

### Business Manager of the Western Tourist and Industrial Magazine, 1206 Chamber of Com. Bldg.

### No-To-Bac Conquers the Deadly Cigarette.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, MISS., July 31, 1904. GENTLEMEN:—I chewed tobacco and smoked cigarettes for seven years. I began using No-To-Bac on the evening of January 22, and now, after the lapse of six months, it is with extreme pleasure that I write to say that I have not tasted tobacco in any form since. I praise No-To-Bac and trust you will place it within the reach of the thousands who are to-day puffing out future possibilities through the nostrils in the form of cigarette smoke. Yours truly, GEO. E. NESOM.

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